

The Tragedie

But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath defied the number of the foe:

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why, our battalian trebles that account,
Besides that a Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduers party want:

Vp with my tent there valiant Gentlemen,

Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,

Call for some men of sound direction,

Lets want no discipline, make no delay,

For Lords, to morrow is a busie day,

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow,
Where is Sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my stander,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent.

Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord *Stanley* quartered, dost thou know?

Blunt. Vnles I haue mistaine his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done.

His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,

South from the mighty power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be possible,

Good Captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me this most needfull scrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vendtake it.

Rich. Farewell Good *Blunt*.

Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent,

Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,

Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,

And part in iust proportion our smal' strength:

Come let vs consult vpon to morrowes businesse,
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke!

Of Richard the Thir d.

Cat. It is six of the clocke full supper time.

King. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke and paper,
What is my Beauer easier then it was?

And all my armour laid into my tent.

Cat. It is my Leige, and all things are in readinesse,

King. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to thy charge,

Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie Centinell.

Nor. I goe my Lord.

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle *Norfolke*.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesby.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Pursuant at armes

To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power

Before Sun-rising, least his sonne *George* fall

Into the blind caue of eternall night,

Fill me a boule of wine, giue me a watch,

Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow,

Looke that my stauces be sound and not too heavy *Ratcliffe*.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Sawest thou the melancholy *L. Northumberland*?

Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of *Surrey*, and himselfe,

Much like Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe

Went through the army chering vp the souldiers.

King. so I am satisfied, giue me a boule of wine,

I haue not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cleare of mind that I was wont to haue:

Set it downe, is Inke and paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,

Ratcliffe about the midst of night come to my tent

And helpe to arme me, leaue me I say. *Exit Rat.*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victory sit one thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can asord,

Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,

Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Dar. I by attorney blesse thee from thy mother,

Who prays continually for Richmonds good